Nature

Nature Silent, calm Sparkling, sighing, swaying Calming your busy mind Serene

Author: Terri

Snowshoeing
Hard, cold
Laughing, interesting, tiring
Is it lunch yet?
Rabbit-Walking

Author: Kaitlyn

Silence in the park Animals resting for spring Snow under boots, crunch.

Author: Clayton

I look out into all the open area and I see something so beautiful and great,

I smell the air so fresh and piney.

I look at all the wildlife tracks that have been planted in the snow and all I think about is how great it would be to live in a free environment like all the beautiful extravagant animals.

I look at the water and I see the glassy river and lake tops and I wish once again that I was one of those lucky animals that lives in Glacier Park!

The trees that are so healthy and so beautiful, with people that love and honor their beauty. Oh, what I would give to live in and work in Glacier Park!

Author: Taija

Montana Woods

Montana Woods,
Are refreshing to the nose,
And when the wind blows,
You feel that cool breeze,
Wrapping around you,

The anxiety of hunting for that huge Elk,
With the camp fire stories,
And the boating glories,
To be able to live in this great state,
Is a privilege and the more I live it,
The more I want to explore it.

With these people coming in,
And changing our state the more,
I remorse,
And want to close our borders,
But we can't be a whole bunch of holders,
Of the American Dream,
Montana is a dream and I'm glad I get to live it.

O Montana Woods thank you for,
Being someone to talk to,
To embrace my heart brakes,
And take away my Pain,
Montana Woods Thank you for being,
Like a DREAM.

Author: Anonymous

Nature

Nature
I see the running water,
I hear the crunch, crunch of snow.
I feel the brisk wind through my hair
I smell the pine's familiar perfume.
I taste the fresh fallen snow.

I know appreciation for nature has been lost.

Author: Alyssa

Snowshoeing White, snowy Crunching, tiring, crackling Snow, heavy on feet Winter-hiking

Author: Aly

Glacier Park Trip

We walk into the wilderness,
We wonder where we are going.
We venture out way out it seems,
But only is about a mile away.
I look at all the beautiful scenery,
Wondering what has kept me from this so long,
We see wildlife and it makes me want to see more.
We learn a lot about our surroundings,
Wondering how they know about these beautiful creations.
We can't wait to go back when I get a chance,
So I can get a better glance without the snow,
We want to see the glow of the sun sparkling on the melted snow,
So I guess you know now that I loved the experience and I will be back when the sun starts to shine.

Author: Kelsey

The River

The west bound river flowing so free.
Look through the water clear as can be.
It flows from the mountains and runs to the sea.
River River clear as can be.

The eagle sit upon the trees trying to balance among the breeze, waiting for food traveling in the stream.

Looking down through the clearest of creeks.

River River clear as can be.

Author: Anonymous

Spring

Spring Spring what a wonderful thing. Ice cream, spring flings. Dancing prancing scoobity dee doo.
Throwing a mit, having a fit. Jumping off the wall having a ball. Spring.

Summer

Look outside what a ride hot all day hot all night Picking fights soaring to new heights Stay up all night Summer

Author: Sariah

Glacier Park Winters

Pale powdered mountains in the distant view,
Snow quietly tumbles down the jagged slopes.
The eagle slowly flys over head cutting through icy winds with every beat of his powerful wings.

Not a sound to be heard, but the moans and twisting screams of dead branches.

Frosted over evergreens viciously shake off the newly fallen snow.

Footprints in the snow, so many, no one around to fill them.

Hypnotizing, icy streams whirling around and around waiting to grasp your ankle to pull you into its world of wonders.

Tiny snowflakes under my feet making faint cries as they are being stepped upon.

The wind whispers its soft melody in my ears as it whistles on by. This is nothing more, but nature during winter in Glacier Park.

Author: Marnic

Glacier Park

In the middle of the woods,
I hear birds, and snowshoes.
I feel the wind blowing in my face.
I touch the snow with my bare hands.
I see the river running in front of me,
I smell the fresh air around me.

Author: Austin

When I am in the nature

When I am in the nature in the winter, I see light reflecting off of the white snow, As I walk down a narrow trail.

I hear the soft blow of the wind, and The crunch of the snow under my feet.

I feel the cold wind stinging my face.

I see large trees covered in snow,

Like giant white ghosts

I smell the smell of fresh air.

Author: Tim

First Breath of Spring

Breezes brushing through the trees Rivers racing with the breeze Calmness fills the forest air The sunshine drifts down to earth.

The grasses and leaves sway along With the flowery scent in the wind. The birds and squirrels high in the trees Waiting for the first breath of spring Rejoice when the breeze comes through, The first breeze of spring.

Author: Terri

As snow flakes fall quickly on the ground, a dark winter day with no sight, but sound.

A chilly breeze passes through,
A thought to yourself when will the season be new?
The trees are bare, as snow falls down quick,
The ill season where all are sick.
The wind whistles a ghostly sound, but there's nothing in sight no one around.

Author: Hailey

Nature

Using my senses
Being out in nature
Starring at the mountains
And starring at the glaciers

The trees stand tall
The river cries
Americas symbol
In the sky
Its body's dark
Its head is bright
Spreading glory
As it flies

All is white The snow packed tight Hearing the sounds Of everything around

The call of the birds
The crunch of the snow
The whistle of the wind
As it blows
The sight of few animals
No bears, but some deer
And an eagle
In the sky that's so clear

My face is frozen
As is the ice
A creature jumping out
At a roll of the dice

Seeing tracks of a deer Knowing it just walked here Other tracks not seen, concealed Covered in snow Across the field

So cold outside Wishing I had fur Somewhere out there Somewhere in nature

Author: Jairus

GLACIER POEM

You can think you are big, strong, powerful.

Really though?

As you look up the mountains,

That sense of pride falls away.

Maybe the screech of the eagle nips at your ears,

And all that is left is nothing even close to being fear.

The protection that surrounds you is unimagineable.

The wind blows the snow on your face,

And melts.

A cool water dripping back into the snow.

The nip on your nose makes it red.

But still, are you cold?

The sun beams on your face and off the snow.

Protection is everywhere, and fear is nowhere.

Author: Jacob

Nature, Nature...

Nature, Nature is so serene.

If you listen very carefully you can hear every stream.

Nature, Nature is so serene.

Nature, Nature is never ending.

You can turn every corner and see trees all around thee.

Nature, Nature is never ending.

Nature, Nature is so full of life.

It may look very lonely but, it is so full of LIGHT.

Nature, Nature is so full of life.

Author: Annalise

Glacier Poem

I see trees all around me.

I hear friends laughing as they fall in the white, soft snow.

I feel the cooled air brushing through my hair.

I smell the yummy snacks which we all brought to eat.

I taste all the goodies which I brought to the picnic.

I know that I want to come back and do this all over again.

Author: Brittany

Nature is something that is quiet, peaceful, free, limitless, a place where deer can be alone without the cities hustle and bustle. A place where flowers can bloom into fields of bright colors.

Author: Loren

Nature Poem

Walking our own path through the forest My dad and I looking around us Spotting the elk Being really sneaky Hoping to get a shot.

Bugle once... bugle twice... Here it comes Closer... closer... BANG!

Author: Stormy

I look up and see nothing, But nothing is so extravagant, So cold, people coughing, wheezing, or puffing, Through trees and snows, a labyrinth, Sun shining bright up in the sky, Creatures scavenging and squandering around, The eagles, the chipmunks, the deer, oh my, Walking across the snow on the ground, So quiet yet so loud I hear, Water flows there and frozen as well, Burn spots though there is no fear, Many stories people feel and are able to tell, Nature can be messy but it'll end up neat, It is like part of Heaven's lawn, The beauty I step below my feet, It is here now but could soon be gone.

Author: Jordon

Snow

Crunch crunch goes the snow In their burrows animals sleep So they can escape cold's blows.

Crunch crunch animals mouths When they eat their food Or they will starve for months Crunch crunch goes the snow.

Author: Anonymous

SEED

A seed grows on a tree in the light of day,
But when the darkness settles in, it is there to stay.
In the morning, it awakens to fall off the tree,
Only to go down a stream to be free.
As the seed goes down this sad but happy trail,
It goes by many other seeds who have failed.
When the seed hit the land, it always knew,
That if he waits, he will grow big and tall, too.
The little seed awaits and sleeps deep underground;
He waits for the graceful rain dance all around.
In time, the seed will grow into a tree,
But all these things are now just history.

Author: Jesse

I see an eagle high in the tree.
I hear the crunching of the snow under my feet.
I feel the cool air on my cheeks.
I smell the evergreen trees.
I taste my long awaited "PB&J" sandwich.
I know there are not many places left in the world like this!

Author: Sam